Newspapers by ancestry
https://www.newspapers.com/image/578498409

Downloaded on Mar 25, 2024

GRAND RE-OPENING

Welcome to the newest tan in town. Yours!
Come to our Grand Opening celebration and discover the bronze you've always wanted. Our state-of-the-art Silver Solarium equipment delivers the natural tan, like the most perfect little vacation you ever took. And our knowledgeable staff and comfortable, relaxed atmosphere will give you a whole new outlook on tanning.

Join us! And be sure to ask for your special session package to get you on your way (or keep you on the road) to a beautiful tan!

Total Tan also brings high technology to muscular fitness. Tone and build muscle tissue effortlessly with electronic muscle stimulation. **FREE TRIAL.** Covered by most health insurance

We're also proud to announce the arrival of **Thermo-Trim**, a system that promotes weight loss and cellulite loss. Call for a **FREE** consultation.

Call today for an appointment to sample our facial tanner **FREE!**

TOTAL TAN
SINCE 1980

8539 Sunset Blvd.
Suite 12
(1 blk. W. of La Cienega)
65-BROWN
or
652-7696

NEW LOCATION:
8505 Santa Monica Blvd.
(corner of La Cienegá)
659-1931

• FLOOR SAMPLE SALE • FLOOR SAMPLE SALE • FLOOR SAMPLE SALE •

ORIGINAL LADDERBACK
$149 value $240

ORIGINAL ORIENTAL CHAIR
$159 value $260

BREUER CHAIR
$29 value $39

LARGEST SELECTION OF FINISHES ON ALL CHAIRS

UP TO 60% OFF ON ALL CHAIRS • TABLES • BARSTOOLS DURING OUR GREATEST FLOOR SAMPLE SALE EVER!

NEWLY ARRIVED SELECTION OF RATTAN FURNITURE.

QUEEN ANNE
$99 value $149
with arms

ORIGINAL LOUIS XV
$169 value $280

ORIGINAL TREE CHAIR
$179 value $320
with no arms

L.A. • 904 N. LA CIENEGA BLVD., NO. OF MELROSE AVE
(213) 657-1674

THE CHAIRWORKS

Hours: Mon.-Sat. 10-6 • Sun. 12-5

HUMOR

BY RICHARD MELTZER

$13.01 Before Taxes

It's always a bad sign to find a penny. You find them because they're valueless, nobody wants 'em. Soon it'll be nickels, eventually dimes, quarters . . . so far, it's pennies. Pennies *everywhere*. Who, dropping a penny, any longer stoops to scoop it up? And someone else's penny — the zip-valued mini-Lincoln of another — *sheee!* Do they even bend for 'em on Skid Row?

A penny found is a micro-death knell for *plenty*. And a penny pocketed! I spied one — shiny, new — at the foot of the piano and foolishly made it my own after stepping on stage at the Lhasa Club.

The headlining poet, which is not to say *headliner*, I began with the recently conceived "Gotta" ("... for the youth of America"), the one that starts

let's see
what I remember of our
love
first
it was on the floor
usually on the floor
and next was . . .
was there a next?

But hot as it was, I got heckled. And before that, ignored. Two or more gals — you could tell by their talk — were ignoring me. Which led — this was really quick — to Bob Forrest attempting to shush 'em with Budweiser.

What? No, they do not sell beer at the Lhasa Club. Neither sell nor serve it — nor condone it. You purchase a beverage, you sneak in, slowly sip it w/ thirst-quench the goal, or swallow the ocean, nearly drown, crawl through the sand, a dripping, sodden "lout" — well, that's *your* biz, Jack. Or Bob, as the case may be.

And so *this* Bob, a famous Bob — he's that dickhead in Thelonious Monster — has by the time I get on "had enough to drink," thanks, enough that he hurls an unfinished surplus Bud at the talkers. Unfinished, in fact barely started, it carries pretty good, from a table at the base of stage left to this pillar 10-15 degrees off the base of stage right, rising as it goes, splattering (a lucky shot) at least one talker, thereby triggering the nearby Stev-o, another groovy "star" — the night was full of 'em — to get antsy and heckly.

He heckles *me*, Bob Forrest immediately heckles *him* (at double, *triple the volume), I haven't got halfway through a poem of, oh, let's see, 23, 24 lines, short* lines, before this pattern for the whole goddamn reading's been set. Primary hecklers, secondary hecklers, five-line poems, *three*-line poems — none're exempt. And after the first few I'm yelling back at them to just fucking shut the fuck UP — I could be home reading Proust, f'chrissakes.

Look. To call myself the featured poet, ha, that's silly. A total misnomer. I'm hardly even the featured "reader." What I am is fifth — sixth if you count Iris Berry/Pleasant Gehman separate (Stev-o, in business suit & tie, was fourth) — "spoken word artist" on a bill topped by (that's correct!) MUSIC. Crimony, a.k.a. Mike Watt/Paul Roessler, swell band, a coupla swell guys, but C'MON now: I do not "speak words" left over in lyrics I never recorded, or which never managed to work as part of a, uh, TUNE (so whaddaya, duh, do-with-'em??). I WRITE — this is what I *do*, full friggin TIME — in a town that gives two shits in hell for the printed word, and when (for whatever perverse reasons) it makes provisional sense to publicly, audibly READ a snippet . . . five.

Maybe it's doomed to failure by definition, I dunno.

But let me get back to the chronology. They're yelling at me, I'm yelling at them, I can't get through half a poem without interruption. And what's really piss-shitty is it don't matter WHAT the poem is. It ain't CONTENT that's burning their ass — this poem versus that poem — it's the mere fact of poemhood. I.e., non-music. Five-six non-musics in succession, far too many for their overtaxed rock-roll hormones. If I'd gone on second I'd be fine . . .

Then another beer whizzes by. Bob again.

I'm in the middle of this one about "fuck motel" in Zanesville, Ohio. I look over at Doug Knott, who runs these shows. I shake my head and say: "I hope I'm getting paid for this. 'Cause if not, g'bye. I could be home reading Proust."

"Of course you're being paid. Go on, continue."

I do, but so does Thelonious. I say: "Shut UP, asshole." He claims: "I'm on your side" — remember, a *secondary* heckler. I say: "Okay, annihilate yourself." He doesn't.

So now *I* throw a beer. My nearly empty Tecate. It misses. He continues his rap — at me, at Stev-o, whomever. Doug comes over, plays bouncer, tells him "Outa here." He stays, gets louder, I jump off the stage, knock his table over. He lunges at me, Doug and two other guys grab him, hold him, he busts loose.

Back on stage, I'm at the mike, he jumps up, comes at me with this lunging shot — can't recall if it was a left or right — that catches me below the hairline at the end of its arc. I'd been backing away; impact, but no pain. I touch my forehead: blood.

My poems all over the floor . . . footprints on 'em. While I gather what I can find, Doug returns, having somehow dragged the dickhead away. "Hey, man" — *proud* of having dragged — "now you can finish your set!"

My set? My set? "No thanks, I've already bled for this audience."

(And, really, I am *not* precious about my wds., my "art." But if I'm gonna read this shit, if I've gotta *headline* reading this shit, they better find a way to goddamn listen. If they don't wanna listen, let *them* stay home and read Proust. Or fuck themselves.)

Oh, and I made 13 bucks. □

Copyright © 2024 Newspapers.com. All Rights Reserved.
Powered by Newspapers.com